

BOWSER PITIES THEM

His Theories About Tramps, However, Are Not Well Founded.

HEARS THE STORY OF ONE.

Attempt to Act the Part of a Philanthropist Again a Failure, Just as His Good Wife Predicted—An Exciting Chase.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Spurgeon.]

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser had finished dinner and taken a seat on the front steps to enjoy the evening air when a tramp passed along the walk and looked hard at the house. Both noticed him and Mrs. Bowser said:

"There's a tramp who ought to be arrested. He was at the door three different times today, and the last time he was very impudent. If there had been a policeman around I should have given him in charge."

"And I should have been very much displeased with you," replied Mr. Bowser. "You can see for yourself that he looks quite ill. He flaps. He has a wain and discouraged look. No doubt he feels that every man's hand is against him. He is doubtless hun-



"I am tired, and he must make his bed in the street tonight. I can't understand why you are so hard hearted about your fellow mortals."

"I offered to pay him for putting the grass, but he refused to work."

"Then I should say that he was not able to. He may have a rupture or be a victim of consumption."

"I should sooner think he was a victim of laziness."

Nettled by Remark.

Mr. Bowser had no particular interest in the tramp, but this remark nettled him. He became a champion at once. Turning on Mrs. Bowser, he said:

"I tell you I don't like it at all your turning these friendless men from my door. Not one time in a thousand is it their fault that they have to ask for charity. They are the playthings of misfortune. If you could hear the story of that poor man you would be ready to shed tears. He may have been a rich man once—an eminent citizen and an honor to his town. Misfortune overtakes him and he is brought low. Then he begins to meet stony hearted people of your mold. When you turned him from the door today you stabled him. When a man gets down it's folks like you that keep him down."

"He's coming back now," said Mrs. Bowser, "and if you feel so sorry for him you'd better call him in. He's looking for an easy mark."

"By thunder, woman, but don't you talk that way to me! If the poor man is coming back it is because he saw mercy and pity in my face. Yes, I will call him in. I will call him in and ask him to relate his story, and I'll bet a dollar you'll shed tears over it."

"Excuse me, if he's coming in I'll run across the street and see Mrs. Green for a few minutes. When it comes to the point where I ought to shed tears please call me over."

Mr. Bowser got as red as paint in the face and would have ordered her to remain, but just then the tramp turned in at the gate, and she passed him. He stood for a moment at the foot of the steps to see what part of a reception he was to meet and Mr. Bowser worked up a smile and said:

"Come up here, my man, and sit down. I want to have a talk with you."

"I thought maybe the old gal had queerer my case," whispered the tramp as he slowly ascended the steps. "Yes, I ain't putting up any job to have me arrested?"

"Not at all, sir. Have a smoke? I am kindly a man who believes that other men have a right to live. You are a tramp, I want to know why you are. There must be a story connected with it. You wouldn't go around this way if you were not obliged to."

"Right you are, old man," replied the tramp as he got his cigar light. "There was a time when I had my own house and family and was one of the best of 'em. If any man had told me then that I would go trampin' I should have considered him a lunatic. Never was there a more happy home than mine when I opened a grocery and made a specialty of New Orleans molasses. I cut the price from 75 to 50 cents a gallon to make a draw of it. Do you believe?"

Customers Were Suspicious.

"Lots of talking to be done, sir. Had to convince my customers that I wasn't selling a compound of tar and lard. More talk than I was able to do, and so

I put in a hot air engine to help me do the blowing. Greatest success you ever saw, sir. Blew the molasses out of seven barrels a week right along for a year. Blew right along for twelve hours a day and convinced the most skeptical, and I had the trade of the town all centered when my competitors induced my wife to elope with a minister and break me up. I fainted away when I heard the news and did not come to for a week. During this interval the hot air engine blew itself up and the grocery as well. No insurance. When I told my darling and only child that her dear mamma had taken a skate the little thing fell over dead. I had orders ahead for seven different kinds of lasses, and when I could not fill them I had seven suits for damages. I was dashed from the pinnacle of hope to the depths of despair in a fortnight."

"Um, um, um!" granted Mr. Bowser as the tramp paused.

"Then my house took fire and burned to the ground. No insurance. Then I went insane and had to be taken to an asylum for a year. When I got out I had just 50 cents and a blasted name in my pocket. I was down, sir, but not discouraged. I bought an elephant on trust and started in to raise young elephants and train them to draw baby carriages. I had ten of them all ready for the market when the mumps came along, and every last one of the beasts leaked over. Wasn't it heart-breaking, sir?"

"Um, um, um!"

"But ambition was not yet dead. I ran across a man who had confidence in me, and he set me up in the squab business. I had a thousand young doves ready for the market and had been promised 50 cents apiece for them when they suddenly changed into woodpeckers and were a dead loss on my hands. Scientific men and naturalists couldn't understand it, but I was ruined again just the same. When I found that this was a fact I threw myself down on the ground with so much force that I ruptured myself in three different places. I lay there until I caught a heavy cold and became the victim of consumption. At the present time my ailments consist of three ruptures, one case of consumption, one enlarged liver, one spine out of plumb and one case of asthma. Yes, sir, but there is still one more fight left in me, and I am here this evening to appeal to you."

"Um, um, um!"

"The crying need of the age is an angel that can be used for other purposes as well. It can be a piano, a folding bed, a potato bin, a family medicine chest, a clothes closet, an aquarium, and a savings bank all in one. I have got it on the market. What do you say to a partnership? You furnish the cash, and I'll furnish the brains."

Orders Tramp to Leave.

Mr. Bowser had realized from the first that the tramp had been "singing" him and had been gradually getting under his skin. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Bowser sitting on the steps across the street he would have done something about it at once. As it was, he waited, but when the story was finished he rose up and said to the tramp:

"Get off the steps and out of the yard!"

"Why, Billy, what's the row with you?"

"You are a liar and a deadbeat, sir!"

"Oh, come, now, old party, but don't get your back up. If you've got the cash I've got the brains, and we'll make a big thing of this business. Suppose you handed me half a dollar now and—"

"Then events happened, Mr. Bowser reached for the tramp's collar, and the man started down the steps and began to call names and use swear words. Then there was a whoop and a rush, and a hundred people spring to their feet in alarm. Out of the open gate like a wild horse running for his life went the down-trodden whose hot air engine had ruined him, and close behind him followed Samuel Bowser, who had been his companion. The evening air was rent with whoops and a clatter and shouts of inquiry and alarm, and pursued and pursued passed on and on and on and left only an eddy of dust behind them to show that human beings had been there."

M. QUAD.

Only a Substitute.

"I should think you would be ashamed to grind a hand organ," said the citizen. "That's no work for a strong man."

"But my wife she grind been da most'n thing," explained the alien, "an' she no vera strong."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Quite the Same.

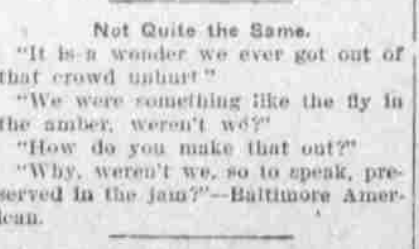
"It is a wonder we ever got out of that crowd unharmed."

"We were something like the fly in the amber, weren't we?"

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, weren't we, so to speak, preserved in the jam?"—Baltimore American.

Exactly.



Waiter—Well, sir, how did you find the breakfast?

Doctor—With great difficulty.

PILGRIM JOE TALKS.

Makes Things Clear For Those Who Patronize Him.

IMPOSTORS GIVEN A WARNING.

Are Told Not to Jee His Name—His Moving Pictures Do Move and Are a Success—Speaks of Napoleon Crossing the Alps.

[Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.]

As my outfit is being confounded with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, the theatrical trust and the side show exhibiting the wild girl from Borneo, I wish to make things clear to the public who patronize me.

I am the original and only Pilgrim Joe.

Any one else taking my name is a base impostor.

I invented the fifteen minute corn cure.

You take one minute to rub it on and fourteen more to wonder where the corn went to.

I invented the Pilgrim Joe hair grower. It is not for the human head, but for straw beds and mattresses.

Two applications makes a hair mattress out of a straw bed. Three applications makes a hair mattress out of a straw bed.

The great Chicago fire is always a great hit. There are acres and acres of flames and thousands and thousands of people fleeing in terror. One fleeing man has just thrown away one dozen bottles of Pilgrim Joe's Pain Alleviator, and as the audience becomes aware of the fact a groan of despair resounds through the hall. The wall of fire advances until those on the front seats begin to move back, and then it is gone. I may add that the dozen bottles were never recovered.

You see Caesar and Brutus meet. Caesar knows that Brutus has got it in for him, but he acts as if they were twin brothers and the best of friends. The audience knows that Brutus is planning assassination, but they hope he has left his dagger behind. The two men move here and there, apparently talking about the jump in wheat, and at a proper moment Brutus pulls the dagger and strikes home. Caesar looks astonished and stands around for a minute and then concludes to die. A district messenger boy comes in and hands Brutus a telegram from his mother-in-law, and after a long look at the corpse at his feet he goes out. Nothing could be more lifelike.

Napoleon Crossing the Alps.

You see Napoleon crossing the Alps. It knows. It blows. There are mountains 2,000 feet high for his horse to jump over, but he is a blue ribbon jumper from the Madison Square Garden horse show, and he takes every thing that comes along. You see the great Napoleon looking for the enemy; and for a hot Scotch. He moves onward to new glories and new victories, and you can just imagine that Napoleon will be cheap when he gets over into Italy and has a chance at the army.

I have not mentioned more than half of my moving pictures, but from what I have described you can see what a feast of reason awaits you.

Purchasers of my medicines are not entitled to free admission to the show. Each stands on its own merits, and each is worth double the price asked.

Wait for me. Take no other. There is nothing "just as good" and the critic who tries to make you believe it is a horse thief and a liar. The original and only Pilgrim Joe. Proceeded by no brass band, but by a wave of enthusiasm. Yaller handbills will notify you of when I am to pass your farm or reach your house, and don't confound me with any traveling circus that simply seeks your cash.

M. QUAD.

Up to Date.

Richman—And you intend yours to be a cemetery of mouldless graves?

Cemetery Promoter—Precisely so, sir. The graveyard has long been the pleasure resort of countless people, and our idea is to create a combined cemetery and golf links.—New York Life.

Rather Large.

Willie Hardwood—Gee! I can't see how any soldier could wear one of them!

The Family Autocrat.

When from the seashore she returns, Belinda will die of a broken heart. The cruel sun's relentless burns In a contented way.

Her freckles all disappearing Will be possessions dear, And photographs with her she'll bring Of friends in costumes queer.

That sunburn was, alas, no joke. She almost wept with pain, And father's very nearly broke From the financial strain.

But who shall mourn and be sad Over time and money lost? It has made Belinda glad, The trip's worth all it cost.

—Washington Star.

HE ATE IT, AFTER ALL.

Grouchy Bridegroom Got Away with Despoiled Lamb Stew.

"What! Lamb stew for dinner?" hissed the bridegroom, looking aghast at the large platterful which the bride had proudly set before him. "I always hated it!"

The bride knew that the stew was good, for she could cook, having learned of her mother and never having been inside the doors of a cooking school. But she said nothing; she had seen her mother manage her father.

The next day the bride considered the stew problem.

"I cannot afford to give it to charity," she murmured (meaning the garbage pail, which covers a multitude of the cook's sins), "so now I'll put to use my college education." She knew that things could be separated into their component parts; she also knew all about the doctrine of reincarnation.

When the bridegroom sat down to dinner that evening a happy smile overspread his face as he tasted the renovated soup, made from stew gravy, the rescued fried potatoes, the rejuvenated carrots and the converted curried lamb.

"Now, this is something like!" he exclaimed.

The bride smiled.

IN THE CHILDISH MIND.

Little Girl's Answer Left Questioner Still Wondering.

Several little tots in Sunday regalia were having the time of their life with a skipping rope made from a pair of worsted horse lines. One little belle of the future was jumping energetically, but being an amateur her small feet always came down the wrong time. The lines would invariably catch in her hat much to the little lady's disgust and the general disfigurement of silky flowers and finely woven straw.

At several repetitions of this an on-looker went to her assistance. After a second's grave consideration she agreed that it would be better for the hat if it were allowed to rest on the stoop. Her companions caught the idea at once. With shrieks of laughter an avalanche of sweet flushed childhood bore down upon the custodian of the millinery.

Two hats were identical in every particular, and when the owners came to claim these, they, too, were duplicates.

"You are twins, aren't you?" exclaimed the woman. Whereupon one of the dainty bundles of scented linen disdainfully replied: "No, ma'am, we're girls."

How He Was Identified.

"There's a queer case," remarked an upper Broadway statue as a man passed and nodded to him. "That chap is a twin, and I've known him ten years, but I'm blessed if I can tell at this minute whether it's Jack or Jim. They're as alike as two peas—and they always dress alike."

The twin entered a nearby cafe, and some minutes later emerged and retraced his steps.

"Hello, Jack; how are you?" said the Broadway statue, grasping his hand. "Glad to see you. How's Jim?"

"Thought you couldn't tell 'em apart," said the statue's companion.

"I couldn't then. But the minute he went through that door I knew him. Jim never drinks."—New York Globe.

and suspects the other feller has a straight flush. Then there is a startled look, followed by one that plainly says he has bitten off more than he can chew and guesses he will go home and play with his Teddy bear. You see him on the skate, and he isn't stopping farmers to ask after the state of the buckwheat crop.

You see Shakespeare at home. He isn't writing any of his tragedies, but is out in the field and on the move. The artist caught him just as he was looking for the eggs of the meadow lark in the grass. He finds some; also some bumblebees. Every audience has the highest respect for Shakespeare, but when he takes a skip over the nearest fence and plunges into the blackberry bushes the laughter cannot be restrained. Most people are surprised to find that the bumblebee was known so long ago and that his ways were the same as now.

The Battle of Gettysburg.

The battle of Gettysburg is shown in all its ferocity. Generals Meade, Hancock, Sheridan and others are shown on their rearing steeds, and thousands of old veterans can pick out the very spot where they stood. I point out and name the various generals, but there is one horse that I do not have to name. It is the central one. The fate of the battle seems to depend upon him, and his attitude shows that he means to win or die. As soon as the audience sees this figure there is a mighty shout of "Pilgrim Joe! Pilgrim Joe!" and it is sometimes five minutes before I can proceed with my lecture.

The great Chicago fire is always a great hit. There are acres and acres of flames and thousands and thousands of people fleeing in terror. One fleeing man has just thrown away one dozen bottles of Pilgrim Joe's Pain Alleviator, and as the audience becomes aware of the fact a groan of despair resounds through the hall. The wall of fire advances until those on the front seats begin to move back, and then it is gone. I may add that the dozen bottles were never recovered.

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Buy pasteurized milk and be safe, one quart of the Pure Milk Co. no-wed-sat-f

The C. D. & M. makes a special rate of one dollar to Columbus and return on Sundays. First car leaves Marion 6 a. m.; last car leaves Columbus, 8:30 p. m. Car every hour. -15-th-fr-sat-f

Wednesday, September 11th, is the date of the first Monette fall horse sale at Crow's barn. Consign early, bring in your good stuff. 8-28-31-94

Milk, 5c per quart of the Pure Milk Company. no-wed-sat-f

Something About the Fair

SEPTEMBER, 24, 25, 26, 27

A Fair promotes industry, fosters enterprise, and generates competition. It gives fresh motive to the farmer and stock raiser, and encourages agriculture, while to the ladies it agords a friendly rivalry in the various departments of home work.

We especially urge every farmer residing in this community to exhibit in at least one department, for by so doing you will feel a personal interest in the success of an organization established wholly for your benefit.

Make arrangements to be on hand every day. Meet your old acquaintances then and spend a week pleasantly and profitably.

The Marion Agricultural Association

J. A. KNAPP, Secretary.

D. H. HARVEY, President.